

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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NUMBER 51.

POETRY

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE'S RULE.

'Twas Christmas Eve: In his rude arm-chair
Of hickory splits, with his pipe in hand,
Sat Randolph of Roanoke, with his air
Of haughty and proud command.

He turned to the guest who shared his cheer;
"My custom it is," he frankly said,
"To portion my 'people,' this night, each year,
With blankets for every bed."

"And so, with your leave, I'll call them in;
For I were loth, to the truth confessed,
To fall of my wont, without chagrin,
For sake of a Christmas guest."

With eager assent the stranger spoke:
"Right glad I shall be to interview
So quaint a remembrance of Roanoke,
With thoughts of this Christmas Eve."

"Ho, Dryden!"—the master called—"Bring in
The boxes of blankets brought to day,
And then with the crowd let us begin
And so, in an ordered way."

"Admit, as I bid you, one by one,
Till all of the 'people' waiting there,
Have eaten their supper: I mean that none
Shall go till he gets his share."

"Well, Cicero! Can you tell me how
Your blankets come, if you have them yet?
The old man lifted his grizzled brow,
"Please, Master, I done forget."

"Then furnish him one: for that will be
Not hard to remember. Scipio, you
Can chirrup your memory more than he;
And Scipio answered—"Teeo."

"Give Scipio tea." And as he went,
Old Hadyn, the banjo-player came,
"I've seen"—he said with grave content:
"So many? Then take the same."

"Melchisedek, what have you to show?"
Melchisedek owned that he had none:
"You shifless patriarch! is it so?
—Don't give him a single one!"

And thus the awards so strange went on,
Till each dark figure had passed the door;
And all the blanket boxes were gone
That crowded and piled the floor.

Then Randolph of Roanoke turned said,
"To his wondering guest,—I try to school
Myself in my distributions, led
According to Scripture rule."

"Unto him that hath, shall be given more,
Unto him that hath not, I verily say,
That what he had seemed to have before,
Shall even be taken away."

MARGARET PRESTON.
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

STORY TELLER.

CAYENNE PEPPER.

A good many pranks had been played in Miss Benson's school at one time and another, but that which astonished both teacher and scholars more than all the others, was played on a certain afternoon in the late autumn.

If Bert Sherman had not been the most roguish boy in school, perhaps he would not have been held to such strict account for what had been done.

But the next morning at recess, Bert was summoned to the teacher's desk.

"I didn't do it!" he said, in self-defence, before the teacher had time to ask a question. For he knew well enough what was coming.

"Don't you know it is wicked to tell a lie?" asked Miss Benson, in a severe tone.

"Yes'm," answered Bert, looking down at his worn copper toes, and rattling marbles, slate pencils and jack-knives in his pocket.

"I am sorry, Bert," said Miss Benson, still more severely, yet with a suggestion of tears in her eyes; "I had thought you were above a lie."

"I am!" said Bert, drawing himself up proudly, and looking angrily at the teacher.

Miss Benson was puzzled; but as Bert dropped his head again, she continued sadly,—

"If I had not had faith in your truthfulness,—for this is the first time you have ever denied my accusations,—and if it had not been for your mother, who works so hard to support you, I should have expelled you long ago. But this time there is no doubt about your guilt. You were the only one in the room just before the last session yesterday; you had begged for a holiday to go nutting and had been refused, and you did go, I hear, after you had succeeded in breaking up the school. I could forgive it all, if you had owned up honorably. But this deliberate untruth!"

"I didn't tell a lie!" Bert almost shouted.

"This is getting worse and worse," continued Miss Benson, quietly. "To set the whole school sneezing with red pepper, so that the session had to be broken up, was bad enough. But to tell—"

"I didn't! I didn't! I didn't!" said

Bert, in fierce, quiet tones; he was too much excited to speak loud.

His blue eyes flashed, his hands were clenched. He looked as if he would fight the accuser to the death.

"I saw you come out of the room just before the bell rang," said Miss Benson, in a voice of settled conviction.

"There was no one else in the room. Therefore, you must have done it. Take your stand in the middle of the room, and when you go home this noon tell your mother you are dismissed from the school."

"It will break her heart!" said Bert, with a very white face. "An' she means me to be a doctor! O Miss Benson, don't turn me out of school."

He pleaded. "I know I've been bad an' have cut up capers without end, I led them in harrangin' you out, an' I stopped the stove chimney so that the room filled with smoke, an' I put the net over Tab's face that day she flew wild about the room, an' I made the picture of you on the board, an' I put the cobbler's wax on the seats, an' I did every other prank you ever accused me of; but I didn't tie up cayenne pepper in those rags an' all us scholars would sneeze ourselves to death almost, an' we'd have to have a holiday."

He paused for want of breath, but after a moment he went on.

"I did go for nuts, but I didn't do that trick to get off. I didn't I didn't deny my tricks afore, an' I wouldn't this time!"

Miss Benson leaned back in her chair and regarded the boy critically, though there was a twitching about her lips.

"You see, Bert," she said, very quietly, "one bad boy will demoralize the whole school, and for the sake of the others you must go. I've been patient with you, Bert. Have I not?" she asked.

"Yes'm," said Bert, with his eyes on the copper toes.

"And you understand that one boy can set a whole school wrong?"

"Yes'm."

"And you have continually been getting yourself and others into mischief?"

"Yes'm."

"You are one of my brightest boys," continued Miss Benson, "and I know that the boys who have most life and who are therefore apt to get into most mischief, often turn out to be our very best and most capable men. And so I have thought that you might some day become a successful man, if I could only be patient with you and get you to behave. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm," said Bert, humbly.

"But I cannot have the whole school spoiled to save one boy. I had meant, if you owned up this time, to give you one more chance; but when you told a—"

"I didn't!" said Bert.

And then, much to Bert's astonishment, a great tear rolled down Miss Benson's face.

Bert's mouth and hands twitched nervously. He looked steadily down at his copper toes and bit his lip.

"You understand, Bert," said Miss Benson at last, when she had gained control of her voice, "that it isn't because I want you to go. I had hoped much for you. But I cannot have the others spoiled and the discipline of the school broken. So take your place in the middle of the room, and when you go home—"

"Miss Benson," said Bert, desperately, "did you ever know me to tell a lie?"

"No."

"Then why should you think I would tell one this time?" Bert had drawn himself up proudly again.

"The other times you knew you would only be punished; but this time you knew you were at the end of your rope, and you remembered what I threatened last time."

"Miss Benson, believe me just this once. I didn't set those rags burning, and I have not told a lie," said Bert, solemnly.

"If I hadn't seen you coming out of the empty school-room just before, and if I had not known that there was no one else in—"

"There was!"—said Bert, and could have bitten his tongue out the next instant.

"Who?"

Bert looked at the copper toes again in silence.

"This morning," Miss Benson continued, "when I asked if any of the scholars knew about this matter, they all denied but you. How did that happen?"

"Because some one else lied,"

Bert said, to himself, but he only answered,—

"Miss Benson, I had nothing to do with it. I had just been in the room an instant to get my top out of my desk when you met me."

Miss Benson leaned back and looked steadily at the boy's earnest face. Just then she glanced at her watch. Recess-time was up. She rang the bell.

"You may take your seat," she said to Bert.

But Bert went and stood in the middle of the room. Miss Benson put her elbows on the desk and leaned her face in her hands. When she rose, a few moments after, and looked upon the assembled scholars, she was very pale.

"Boys," she said, "you remember that story in the Bible about Christ raising the widow's son?"

"Yes'm," cried a chorus of voices.

"Why did He do that?"

"Cause he was her only son, an' she was a widow," said one clear, steady voice.

"Cause she felt badly, an' He was sorry for her," said another.

"Do you know of any one in this room who is the only son of his mother and she a widow?"

All eyes turned to Bert, who was looking sternly at them all, with blazing blue eyes set in a white face.

"Yes'm," they answered, with a little pity in their faces.

"And can you not imagine that the mother would feel a great deal worse to have her boy discharged in all his future life than to have him die?"

"Yes'm." Only a few voices this time, and eager, questioning faces.

"Did you ever know Bert to tell an untruth?"

"No'm!" cried every voice.

"But it looks as if he did this morning!"

"Yes'm! No'm!" There was fairly a battle of voices.

"You remember I said that I saw him come out of the room, and that no one else was there!"

"Yes'm."

"But nevertheless, Bert says he had nothing to do with the cayenne pepper yesterday, and, boys, I believe him."

Now, for the sake of that widowed mother, I ask the real wrong-doer to accuse himself and clear Bert."

There was a long silence.

"If any boy knows anything about this, let him speak."

Another silence.

Bert gave one quick, beseeching, and compelling glance at Hal Howard, who was white and nervous.

Miss Benson saw the glance.

"For the sake of Bert's future life, for the sake of his mother," she said, looking straight at Hal. Slowly, as if under a spell he could not resist, Hal rose to his feet.

"You did it?" said the teacher, when she saw he could not speak.

He bowed his head.

"Now tell me all about it, before the whole school."

"I—I—was behind the door when you came in the room, an'—an'—as you stood with your back to me and spoke to Bert, I slipped out an' came in with the crowd."

"Did you know this, Bert?"

"Yes'm."

"How?"

"I saw him slip out as I was going out with my top; as soon as the sneezing began I knew who had done it."

"And you wouldn't have told even to save being expelled?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, holding up his head, proudly.

There was breathless silence as Miss Benson stepped from her platform and walked over to Bert.

"Bert, I ask your forgiveness," she said, "for ever doubting your word. You are an honorable boy."

Then the tears rushed to Bert's eyes. He grasped Miss Benson's hands so tightly that he hurt her. He made one vain effort to speak, and then suddenly broke away from them all and dashed out of the room.

They found him sobbing on the grass as if his heart would break. For secretly he had idolized Miss Benson, and her doubt of his word, and punishment for a thing he had not done, had hurt him more than anything else in his life.

But that was the turning-point with Bert.

Years afterwards, when he was an honored man, he said, speaking of this,—

"I never saw till that day how I had been spoiling the whole school by my pranks, and that it wasn't fair to the others to do so. And then for the first time I understood how I might

injure my reputation, so that some time when wholly innocent I might have to suffer for a wrong done by some one else."

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is said by his envious detractors to be a lucky man. The secret of his good luck, however, is that he knows what ought to be done and does it well. He is superior to his subordinates and they know it. His training has been thorough. He has seen much hard service and has profited by it. A few incidents of his early career will show the school in which he was trained. His first battle-field was in Burma, in 1853.

At the beginning of March, 1853, he arrived at Donabew by sea, and on the 7th of the month went under fire in the operations against Myat-toon, a noted Burmese leader.

On March 19th Myat-toon's stronghold was successfully stormed. The first attack was repulsed with some loss. Ensign Wolseley was well in front of his men, and had reached within twenty yards of the hostile works, when suddenly the earth gave way beneath his feet, and he found himself at the bottom of a concealed pit with a stake in it.

When his men were beaten back he was in great danger, but he managed to escape without even a wound, though much shaken by the fall.

A second attack being decided on, the commanding officer of the Eightieth called for an officer to lead a storming party from that regiment.

Ensign Wolseley at once stepped to the front, and hastily collecting such of his own men as were at hand, made a rush up the narrow path by which only the enemy's works could be reached.

Another detachment had been sent on the same dangerous business from the Fifty-First Regiment. It was led by Lieutenant Taylor, who raced with Ensign Wolseley for the honor of being the first man in.

Only two could move abreast, and the giant young officers evidently rushed on to their destruction. Both were shot in the thigh.

Taylor bled to death in a few minutes, but Wolseley, pressing his fingers on the arteries of his thigh, checked the flow of blood. Grievously wounded and lying helpless on the ground, Wolseley waved his sword and cheered his men on to the assault, which this time was successful.

When he first fell, some of his men offered to carry him to the rear, but he refused all assistance till the position had been taken. After several months of suffering and danger, he was sent home on sick leave.

Wolseley's regiment sailed from Dab in on November 19th, 1854, and landed on Balaklava on December 4th, of that year.

On August 30th, he was assisting some sappers to fill with stones some gullies which the Russians had up-set just before a sortie, when a round shot dashed into the middle of the group.

He had just time to cry, "Look out!" when the whole party lay prostrate on the ground. The round shot had struck a gabion, scattering the stones with resistless force.

One of the sappers had his head taken off, and his companion was dismembered. Both were killed instantly, and Wolseley himself, lying by their side senseless and covered with blood, seemed also a corpse.

A sergeant of sappers, finding that he still breathed, picked him up, and after a time he revived sufficiently to be able, with the help of the sergeant and Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, to stagger as far as the doctor's hut.

He then sank exhausted and half-unconscious. Prince Victor asked the doctor to look at him. He did so, and curiously saying, "He's a dead 'un," was about to attend to other patients.

Wolseley, aroused and irritated by this cool way of dismissing him to the other world, turned round and said, "I'm worth a good many dead men yet!" an opinion which was confirmed when he received the doctor's attention.

A detailed examination showed that if not dead, he was severely wounded. The doctor's report stated that his features were not distinguishable as those of a human being, while blood flowed from innumerable wounds caused by the stones with which he had been struck.

Sharp fragments were embedded all over his face, and his left cheek had been almost cut away. Both eyes were completely closed, and the injury

to one of them was so serious that the sight has been permanently lost. Not a square inch of his face but was battered and cut about, while his body was wounded all over, just as if he had been peppered with small shot.

He had received also a severe wound on his right leg, so that both limbs had now been injured, the wound in the left thigh, received in Burma, rendering him slightly lame.

After the surgeon had dressed his wounds, Captain Wolseley was placed on a stretcher and carried by four soldiers to St. George's Monastery, situated on the seacoast, not far from Balaklava, and there he passed some weeks in a cave, as the sight of both eyes was too much injured to subject them to the light.

The Kind Horse.

A gentleman owned a fine horse which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice and follow him about like a dog. At one time, the horse became lame, and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks. During this time, an old cat made her nest on the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and placed there her little family of five kittens. She and the horse got on nicely for many days. She jumped down into his manger and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger with her foot bleeding and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl; but she managed to leap away on three feet and get her breakfast. But, when she came back, she was entirely unable to get to her kittens; and what do you think she did? She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times, till, at last, pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens, who, I doubt not, were glad enough to see her. This was repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go out and get her breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language and been willing to listen to it.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Bringing the Dead to Life.

The idea of pouring plaster of Paris in a liquid state into the moulds left by the bodies in the soft ash did not occur to any till it suddenly flashed across Fiorelli about 20 years ago. Of the remains of the 180 human beings discovered in Pompeii in the first hundred years of the excavation there is consequently only a written record. It is only from the "Journal of Excavation" for the year 1831 that we know of the touching and famous sight which greeted the eyes of the first discoverers of the "House of the Faun."

On the floor of the banqueting hall lay the body of a woman, probably the mistress of the house, with her jewels scattered where she had thrown them in despair of rescue or escape. The roof had been crushed in by the weight of falling ash and pumice stone, and the hands of the dying woman were outstretched in a vain effort to keep off the impending weight. Parts of the body and clothing could still be made out, and a drawing could be made of one charming foot. But such records are lifeless and tame indeed beside the extraordinary portrait statues which are now to be seen in the little museum at Pompeii. There are nine of these, or were a very short time since, and to see them is like seeing the men and women themselves of eighteen centuries ago. Fiorelli's method is as simple as possible. A small opening is made, the plaster is delicately poured in, and when it has had time to harden, the surface crust of ash is peeled off, and the man or woman comes back to life again. The details of clothing and feature have all left their mark on the soft ash, and are all faithfully preserved in the plaster cast. The results achieved by Fiorelli are striking and complete. Take the cast of the elderly slave, for instance, probably a man of some sixty years old, who appears to have been taking his siesta when the eruption began, and to have been painlessly asphyxiated in his sleep. He lies on his right side, knees a little bent, the left leg drawn up, and the cheek resting on the right hand. The coarse, strongly-marked features, and peaceful expression of the sleeper, have all been perfectly preserved. A hardly less easy death

must have been the lot of the four persons found lying on their backs in the street. Three of these were men, one of them a negro of the most pronounced type. The fourth was a woman of unusual stature, whose time for becoming a mother was evidently not far off. The three persons found lying on their faces do not appear to have found so quick a death. Two of them are women. One of them, an elderly woman, with a thin figure, lies by herself, her face buried in her arms, as if to protect herself from the fatal rain. The other lies side by side with a man in whose company she appears to have taken flight. She has covered her face with a fold of her dress, and the hands are tightly clenched in the last death agony.

Philadelphia Paragraphs.

Christmas with its usual number of festivities is rapidly approaching, and as the days speed on, our bit the song stresses are heard (?) through every hall and passage singing gaily:

"A little longer, yet a little longer,"
Then days shall come that happy Xmas bring;
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And merrily our Christmas cheers shall ring.

We are glad to welcome the new literary star who sheds his beams across our "Alma Mater," and who modestly signs himself "Equity." We hope he will not lay by his "red ink and steel pen," or allow the latter to grow rusty for want of use.

A few days ago, a tiny "messenger dove" whispered us that "Mr. Spy" is soon to lead the lovely "Queen Bess" before Hymen's Altar. When the invitations are out and the wedding cake cut, we hope "Queen Bess" will remember "the friends of other years, the tried ones and the true," and wait some in this direction.

The many friends of Miss N. K. Well are delighted to hear that she expects to visit the Philadelphia Levee. We hope she will not disappoint us.

The new Cooking Department is now in full operation.

Last week the Band of Hope issued a temperance pledge in the Inst., to which they have already obtained a large number of signers. The society is much interested in the cause of temperance, and hopes to persuade a large number of its "silent brothers" to sign.

We understand Miss L. N. Nicholas is a competitor for the dancing prize to be awarded to the best dancer at the Philadelphia Levee. Miss N. is a most graceful dancer and waltzer, and her friends expect her to take a prize.

"Bella L." and "Peter P." and "Queen Bess," beside a number of other deaf-mutes expect to visit New York in order probably to compare their Levee without own.

Wishing every reader of our dear old JOURNAL a Happy Christmas and New Year.

Adieu, VIOLET.
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15, 1882.

From Western New York

It is rumored that Wilbur S. Palmer, of Chateaugay, N. Y., has purchased a very fine turkey, weighing twenty pounds, at eight cents per pound, for his wedding on New Year's Day.

John Luberge has been working on the railroad between Huntington and DeWittville, P. Q., at \$1.50 per day. He has saved a good deal of money. He is engaged to be married to Miss Mary Bushaw, who lives in Malone, N. Y., pretty soon.

James Pierce, of Malone, N. Y., is doing remarkably well on his farm. He is thirty years old and is unmarried yet.

Andrew Boyce, of Dickinson, N. Y., traveled twenty miles to attend Rev. Mr. Berry's service, which was held in Malone, on Oct. 29th. It is understood that he has a fine horse of his own. Why did he not take him with him? He has fifty acres of land. Jacob Barnhardt, works on a forty acre farm in West Bangor, and is doing well. He has a very fine trotting horse.

Elias Perkins did not take his yoke of oxen to the Malone Fair. Of course he would have won the prize, if he had taken them to the fair, for there were none at it like them.

The deaf mutes that attended Rev. Mr. B-ry's services on the 29th of October, would like to have him or Dr. Galludet hold another service in Malone before long, as they will be able to be present at them again.

Will some one please let the writer know Henry Porter's address in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, through the

JOURNAL, as he has something to tell him, and by so doing it will be quite a favor to him.

A CANADIAN DEAF MUTE.

CINCINNATI JOTTINGS.

The following officers of the Anderson Society were elected recently for the coming year:

President—Jesse Hongland.
Vice-President—E. Lewis.
Secretary—Wm. J. Blount.
Treasurer—John Barriack.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Chas. Bins.
Executive Committee—Henry Bards, Joseph Vance, Fred Reiser, Joseph Luning and A. Rembeck.

There is about \$400 in the treasury, and the society intends to give a number of parties, socials, etc., in the future.

Charles Champlin, a bad boy, and who was once expelled from the Columbian School for bad behavior, was arrested for disorderly conduct, preferred by his mother. He was tried and fined and sent to the work house, but the sentence was suspended, on his promise to do better.

Mercury is in tears, because Mike Smith didn't get married, and consequently no cake was sent.

Mrs. Zulena Hongland's Seventy-second birthday occurred on the 1st inst., and her friends gave them nice presents, and they in turn were treated to an oyster supper.

MERCURY.

11-11-82.

Items from East Indiana.

Messrs. Charles Jackson, of Decatur, Ind., and Peter Butler, of Briant, Ind., paid Mr. and Mrs. A. French a visit on November 5th.

On the 18th ult., Amos French and family went to Alexandria, Ind., to spend a week with his wife's parents. Her father is proprietor of the Spencer House.

Thursday morning, November 16th, at six o'clock, Mr. Edmonds Leach, of Fairmount, Ind., and Miss Florence Adams, Alexandria, Ind., were married at the Spencer House, Rev. Bell officiating. We extend our congratulations to the estimable young couple. Mr. E. Leach has an interest in a saw mill with his father. He works as a header at the mill. When he was twenty-one years old, he was presented with two hundred and fifty dollars by his father. They live with his father till (in February) his mother-in-law, Mr. Nathan Kimball and family will move to Hartford, Ind., to rent a farm, then they will move into the house vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Kimball. Amos French and family were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leach for two days. Mrs. Florence Leach is a sister of Mrs. A. French. Mr. and Mrs. E. Leach were educated at the Indiana Institution.

Miss Ann S. Wachtell, of Muncie, Ind., an attractive young mother lady, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Winters, in Hartford, Ind., and will remain there till after the holidays.

Miss Jennie Karnes, a former pupil of the Indiana Institution, works at the Huffman House, in Hartford, Ind.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 21, 1892.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

On Monday next, we commemorate the happiest day of the year—the anniversary of that day which brought glad tidings unto all mankind. It is, before all other days, the most universally looked forward to with joyful anticipation. The children have in view the well-filled stockings which Santa Claus rarely fails to remember, either in the luxurious dwellings of the rich or the rudely built cottages of the poor. The young men and women halt the day with a gladness that is heartfelt and sincere. They have no Santa Claus to bring them happiness at peep of day, but there is something grander and higher that fills their cup with joy. The aged, the infirm, the blind and the halt, all can feel a thrill of delight when they remember that eighteen hundred and eighty-two years ago the same sun which will shine on the world Monday next shed its rays on the birth of Him who came on earth to bless and save, whose unfaltering love will outlast all time, and whose promise of salvation will ever remain a beacon light to all who believe. In trouble and adversity, when misfortune's shafts fly thick and fast, He is the one refuge to which we can always turn for comfort and consolation.

"From opening manhood's morning, when first we learn to grieve, To the fond, regretful moments of our sorrow-sadness."

Many of the pupils of our Institutions will spend Christmas at their parents' hearthstone, among friends and relatives who have congregated together to partake of good cheer. Others will remain at school, but will not be bereft of the good things of the season. Ample provision and to spare will be made for them.

So, at this Christmas time, when all around are glad, when every home-stead echoes with a happy joy, when feasting and mirth are the ruling features, when every body feels young again, when

"Old age is shown the door, Matrons are maid-ones more, And sober graybeards once again are boys," we send forth greetings to the deaf and dumb, and wish a Merry Christmas to all.

Deaf Mutes who wish to make a nice Christmas present to their friends, will do well to present them with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

NOTICES.

Rev. Mr. Mann expects to officiate at St. James' Church, Chicago, on Sunday afternoon, January 7th, 1893, at three o'clock. The Right Rev'd W. E. McLaren, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Illinois, has signified his intention of being present and addressing the deaf-mutes through Mr. Mann. After service, he will be most happy to meet the deaf-mutes and form their acquaintance.

Christmas Services in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., with interpretations for deaf-mutes at 7 A.M. and 10.30 A.M.

Deaf-Mute Communicants are invited to attend a special celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., on Sunday, December 31st, at 2.45 P.M.

God willing, there will be a service for deaf-mutes in Trinity Church, Broad St., Newark, N. J., next Sunday, December 24th, at 3 P.M.

Rev. Mr. Mann expects to officiate in St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Ohio, on Thursday afternoon, December 28th.

Deaf-Mutes who wish to make a nice Christmas present to their friends, will do well to present them with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Prof. J. M. Koehler, Principal of the Scranton Day School, has become a happy father.

Christian Ensley, of Southington, Ct., is working with his father at carpentry.

Misses Mary Liebel and Mary Kinney were observed inspecting the store windows on Broadway, last Saturday.

Charles O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., and his ancient elum, Mr. Miles, of Syracuse, will be at the New York Levee.

Mr. Thomas Edwards, of Fair Haven, Vt., is a good engineer, although a deaf-mute. He runs the engine in the Scotch State Mill.

It is reported that Mr. Thomas R. Stewart, of Newark, N. J., recently had a narrow escape from being killed in the core foundry where he works.

Miss Ida May Olney, daughter of Benjamin Olney, of Fort Ann, N. Y., is working for Mrs. Anna Collins, daughter of J. A. Hall, of Whitehall, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Spickler, who graduated from the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Frederick, Md., visited the parents of the latter last week.

W. F. Hall, son of John A. Hall, of Whitehall, N. Y., while in the woods chopping recently, caught a flying squirrel, which he presented to a friend in the village.

Alexander Dezenod's adopted sister, Miss Katie Brown, who graduated from the New York Institution fifteen years ago, died of hasty consumption and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

On the 5th inst., the property of Mr. James C. Noe, of Newark, N. J., was sold by the Sheriff at public auction. The gentleman was unable to pay interest on a mortgage held on the property.

A correspondent says that probably "Jake Rake Drake" referred to Geo. Kohler, of York, Pa., as he knows of no deaf-mute named "Kohl." Said Kohler can still be found in Sonder's Shoe Factory, at York.

Clarence E. Taylor has been working in a woolen factory, at Homer, N. Y., for several months. The mill has shut down till March next. Mr. Taylor, Miss E. McLaughlin, and Ellen Wire, of Taylor, N. Y., have been engaged to work during the coming summer.

The Chirological Lyceum, of Philadelphia, will give their Fourth Literary Entertainment, at the Young Men's Christian Association Parlor, Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, on Wednesday, December 27th, at eight P.M. There will be a fine programme. All are welcome.

Miss Mary J. Easterday, a deaf-mute lady, went to the home of Amanda M. Dashiell, of Hagerstown, Md., on Thanksgiving day, and remained a few days. She was educated at the Columbus Institution at Washington, D. C., and lives in Eakles Mills, Md.

On the evening of Thursday, Dec. 23th, following the Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association, Mr. Henry D. Reeves, a professor at "Panwood," has kindly consented to deliver in signs the new play composed by Gilbert and Sullivan, entitled "Iolanthe," before the Association. Mr. Reeves, who is widely known as a graceful sign-maker, is devoting his time and energy to the study of that play, and there is no doubt that there will be a large gathering in the Association's rooms, as many of the deaf-mutes of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Jersey and elsewhere, know him well. The writer of this thinks the room will be filled to overflowing, and those intending to see Mr. Reeves, should come early and secure a good seat. The admission is small, so bring your brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, etc., and have a good time.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT.—A touching incident which illustrates the fact that with the progress of education, those finer instincts of our nature, such as gratitude and affection, become peculiarly active in the hearts of children condemned to a life of silence, was witnessed recently in the school for Deaf-Mutes on Elliot street, when the pupils made a remembrance offering to their teacher, Miss Nellie H. Sweet, on the occasion of her birthday anniversary. That morning the children assembled in the school-room for the usual prayers, dressed in their best "bills and tuckers" and with faces in which a radiant happiness and suppressed excitement were visible. Miss Sweet looked wonderingly at them, and asked why they had put on their best clothes that morning, to which they replied that all their old clothes were being mended. When all, including the teachers, had taken their seats, one of the boys, twelve years old, who led the class, arose from his desk, and in the expressive language of pantomime, addressed Miss Sweet in the language of respect and affection on behalf of the pupils, at the same time, presenting her with a painted card and easel, which they bought with their pennies. The children then came forward, and shook hands with their teacher, some of them saying a few words more or less to express their love for her, their thoughts more fully saying only one word "Good," but it signified a great deal. Miss Sweet was completely taken by surprise, the little ones having had the matter in view for over two weeks, and kept their secret remarkably well for their years. It was a simple and beautiful act, and their teacher was much affected by this token of their regard and appreciation. This kindness will serve to cheer and encourage her in her work of educating the little ones, whose simple untaught hearts have been won by her gentle forbearance and patience.

For Seven Years.

Leroy Peters, a deaf-mute twenty six years' age, plead guilty of burglary in the second degree in the Court of General Sessions yesterday. Judge Gliderole sentenced him to State prison for seven years.—New York Herald, Dec. 16.

Oscar Merrill and his wife and child live with his father, Hon. B. N. Merrill, at Mt. Pleasant, Lower Mt. Bethel, Northampton County, Pa. He does the farming for his father on about fifty acres of land. On the 11th of December (his birthday) his father presented him with a splendid new watch for a birthday present. He and his wife and little daughter, about seven years old, will go to Milford, Pike County, in a few days, to spend the holidays with his father-in-law, Jervis Gordon, and probably remain some time on a visit to friends in that vicinity.

John Leach, of Dankirk, N. Y., was married a few weeks ago.

Mr. Edward Robert, of East Boston, Mass., will go to Hartford to visit the Asylum next week.

Persons under fifteen years of age will not be admitted at the Manhattan Literary Association Levee.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hoopes will not be able to be present at the Philadelphia Levee, as they expected.

Miss Maggie Quinn is getting along very well, at her home in Fall River, Mass. She is a spinster in a mill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Harrison have broken up housekeeping, and are boarding at 300 S. 36th St., Philadelphia.

Mr. F. E. Robinson, of Conewango, N. Y., visited Mr. A. V. Bergquist, the celebrated mite tailor of Jamestown, N. Y., on Friday last.

The friends of Mr. Samuel McClelland, in Philadelphia, hope to see him at the Levee the 28th. Sam. please don't disappoint them.

On Christmas, Edward Duran will make a flying visit to Worcester, Springfield and Hartford. He thinks he will stay in Hartford for a few days.

Francis Duprez, of Canada, educated at the Montreal School for Deaf-Mutes, is at present working in Fall River, Mass. He is a weaver and gets very good wages.

Miss Emma Whittier, of Bangor, Me., will not be able to attend the New York Levee, as was first expected. Her numerous friends will doubtless be very much disappointed.

Geo. W. Gross, of Jersey City, N. J., is employed as a fireman on a locomotive of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He says he likes the place first-rate. He receives good pay. Stick to it, George.

Will any friend or acquaintance of Mrs. Leslie Hoopes please let her know the whereabouts of Mrs. Jesse Dolph, her classmate. Mrs. Hoopes has not heard a word from her for nearly two years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie Hoopes have started housekeeping. They are in possession of their own home in West Grove, Pa. Mrs. Hoopes will spend the Christmas in Columbia with her mother and family. Leslie will not be able to go with her, for it is impossible for him to leave his business.

Mr. R. L. Livingston is cordially invited to attend the marriage of Mr. Geo. W. Hartley, of Pittsburgh, to Mrs. Sarah E. Morgan, of Baltimore, at her sister Ella's residence on the 28th of this month. His friend of Baltimore has been looking for his reply in relation to a certain matter.

The supper at the Manhattan Literary Association Levee is to be served by the well-known, caterer of Lyric Hall, at 75 cents a head. Two gentlemen have been invited by him to partake of a supper on the occasion of a ball held there to show them what may be expected at the Levee. The viands were of an excellent quality, handsomely served.

The Manhattan Literary Association has engaged the services of the well-known Mr. W. G. Jones to amuse its guests at the Levee, with his pantomime art. About a year ago, he gave a performance before the President of the United States, at the National Deaf-Mute College. Numerous promises of attendance have been made by prominent persons. Prof. Jenkins will act as judge in the definition contest. A beautiful bride, a lady-guest of the Levee, has volunteered to render a recitation in the sign-language.

With the kind assistance of Rev. Arthur C. Powell, the rector, Rev. Job Turner officiated in St. John's church, York, Pa., at the evening service of the 17th inst., in the presence of about fifteen deaf-mutes, as well as a large, appreciative hearing congregation. He left, Monday, for New York, to have service with Dr. Galland in St. Ann's Church next Sunday, the 24th inst. He expected to reach his destination on Saturday. He went to Virginia for a day or two, not only to visit his niece, named after his deceased mother, who was sick when he started for Kentucky, but also to see his son Charles on a matter of business, with the intention of stopping in Baltimore and Philadelphia each for a day on his way to New York. Rev. Mr. Powell said that Rev. Mr. Mann once conducted a joint service with him somewhere in the west.

A MANIAC'S FURY.

SHELBYVILLE, IND., December 16.—The arrest of Martin Hatton, an insane man, in No. 10 Township, in this county, was not accomplished without trouble. Sheriff Cuyler being absent from the city, Hatton's father applied to his deputy to go after his son, offering him \$20 if he would go out and bring him in. Deputy Neal did not relish the job, and flatly refused to do. The services of Ex-Deputy James Magill, one of the nerviest kind of men were then secured, and the latter, taking with him John Burk, Janitor of the Court-house, started out for Hatton's home, near the Bartholomew County line, arriving a little before dark.

Upon entering the house, Mrs. Hatton and a deaf and dumb son of hers were found both crouched in a corner of the room also at ease, with fear, while all around the room were evidence of the maniac's fury in the shape of splintered furniture and numbers of large holes chopped in the floor. On inquiring where their man was, they were directed to a door opening into another room, and the man, who seemed to divine what they were after, motioned to break the door down. Magill then started toward it with a run, and just as he was within reaching distance it was opened, and the maniac confronted them with glaring eyes, and holding in his hand a pick-axe, from which the handle had been removed. Both Magill and Burk threw themselves upon him, and a terrible struggle ensued, Hatton fighting like a tiger. He was finally overpowered and hand-cuffed and brought back to town at an early hour this morning, and transferred to the asylum at Indianapolis.

PHILADELPHIA NOTICES.

Tuesday, Dec. 24th, at St. Stephen's Church, Holy Communion 9 A.M., service at 2.30 P.M., followed by Sunday School as usual. Service at Emmanuel Church (Marlboro Station, Grand Ave.), in the Bible class room, 10.45 A.M.

Christmas Day, no service at St. Stephen's, but Mr. Syle will interpret the service, including Holy Communion, at Emmanuel Church, at 10.30 A.M.

Sunday, Dec. 31st, at St. Stephen's 2.30 P.M. Rev. Job Turner will preach. Special offerings in envelopes will be received for his mission in the South.

Keystone State Jottings.

READING, Dec. 14th, 1892. DEAR EDITOR:—Enclosed please find news of Reading deaf-mutes for your JOURNAL.

Mr. John Botzum's new house at No. 721 1/2 North 9th street was finished and occupied on the 31st of September. He was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Subsequently he learned his trade as carpenter at the Philadelphia & Reading Car Shops, and was there over four years. He was married the latter part of March last, and the couple seem very happy in their new home. On Thursday evening, the 31st of September, they gave a party and a splendid supper to a number of friends. The following names were present: Miss Rosie Banknecht, Hugh E. Gross and wife, Edgar H. Richards and wife, John Snyder and wife, Joseph Snow, and W. H. Eakins. Mr. J. Botzum has a very nice residence now.

On the evening of the above date, Mr. George Kaiser and wife (uneducated mutes) celebrated their silver wedding. A large number of intelligent members of the Lutheran Church (to which church Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser belong) were present, and played some of their choicest music. The superintendent, Mr. Rankin, of the Philadelphia & Reading R. R. Car Shops was present with his wife. Mr. Kaiser has been working in the above car shops as a carpenter for about twenty years. The following mutes were present, Rev. H. W. Syle and his wife, of Philadelphia, Miss Martha L. Carter and Miss Dora Kintzel, of Tamaqua, Pa., W. H. Eakins and his wife and child, John W. Schappelle, Miss Louisa Schappelle, of Shoemakersville, Pa., Miss Hattie K. Whitman, Henry Hagy, and Mrs. Wentzel. All passed a jumbo time till midnight. A splendid supper with all the luxuries of the season was served.

Rev. Job Turner held service in Reading, Pa., last October, which were largely attended. He was warmly received by the mutes of Reading, and we expect him here again before long.

In reply to a question from "Little Rep," in the JOURNAL of November 9th, in regard to the bursting of the Reading Literary Society, I will say this society has circumstantially suspended, yet it may burst. No lady is to blame for its suspension, but the one who throws the blame on the lady is to blame for it himself, of course. Wait until after the Holidays, and see what we will do with it.

Mr. W. E. Guss and wife, of St. Louis, were in Reading last September, to see his brother and his mute friends, and visited W. H. Eakins and wife at Shoemakersville and passed an enjoyable time.

Mr. Jeremiah Moyer brought with him his new wife to W. H. Eakins residence, at Shoemakersville, Pa., a few weeks after Mr. Guss and wife had left here, and had a pleasant time. Mr. McKay Hoeler, and Brookmire & Co., of Philadelphia, were here September 14th at the Odd Fellows parade.

Miss H. K. Whitman and Mr. Clement Parkman were the only mutes at the Bi-Centennial in Philadelphia, from Reading.

Mr. John W. Schappelle has a new watch, which makes him feel prouder than a little boy with a pair of new boots. He contemplates going to Chicago, Ill., soon, and does not think of going to the Levee at Philadelphia, on December 28th. He makes eight hundred cigars a day. Who can beat him?

Mr. Stephen Essar, of Kutztown, Pa., was in town sometime ago. He does all the housekeeping, such as cooking, baking, washing, etc., for his his aged mother, who is over eighty years old.

Last summer, John Unknown, of Philadelphia, and Charles Newton, of New York, were in Reading. John Unknown left C. Newton at Harrisburg, and left for Chicago, Ill. Where are you now Johnny?

Mr. Samuel S. Wells, of Honey Brook, Pa., was in Reading at the Agricultural Fair. He is perhaps the oldest mute in Pennsylvania, being seventy-one years old. He is a miner and shoemaker by trade. Any information about Mr. Augustus Prutzman, of Catawissa, Pa., will be thankfully received by Mr. S. S. Wells.

Another old mute, Mr. Henry Giles, of Pine Swamp, Pa., of about the same age as Mr. Wells, works at his trade as shoemaker, and owns three houses.

Rev. Henry Winter Syle will hold services in Reading on December 20th. Mrs. Goelitz, of Birdsboro (formerly Mrs. George B. Peters), has presented her husband with a fine dangle-ter.

Mrs. Wentzel has sold out, and quit housekeeping here and gone to Philadelphia to live with her only brother.

The holidays are fast approaching, and I wish you, Mr. Editor, and all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and hope that we may meet with each other at the Philadelphia Levee, December 28th. I change my name as: "I. P. M. O. Canoe" for the JOURNAL. I guess you can easily find out what these initials mean.

Truly yours, I. P. M. O. CASOE.

Deaf-Mutes who wish to make a nice Christmas present to their friends, will do well to present them with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

NEW YORK.

CHRISTMAS DRAWETH NIGH.

"Fairy Tales of Science."

THE LEVEE.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Christmas and New Year is drawing nigh. The eyes of the small folk sparkle with joy. Santa Claus is getting ready for his annual trip over house tops. His stations located on the principal thoroughfares of New York City, are packed from cellar to garret with all sorts of toys, and a short description of what can be seen in the show-windows of these great bazars will be in keeping with the occasion.

Macy's windows are perhaps the most interesting to juvenile sight-seers. In one window is a scene representing a down-town wharf with a steamer on the point of departure for Europe, the vessel has just swung off from the dock, and the decks are crowded with people. The river is crowded with vessels, and the Jersey shore can be seen in the distance; on the dock is pile of casks with people (dolls) sandwiched between them, men running around with loaded crucks, prancing horses, and swearing drivers; babies falling over casks, and ladies and gentlemen waving an adieu to the steamer. Signs are posted on the pillars upholding the roof of the pier, and the scene is really life-like. In the other window is a scene representing the inside of a theatre. The stage represent a fairy groto, and the play is "Mother Goose." People are sitting in opera chairs watching the play. The gentler sex preponderate. They are clad in magnificent costumes, and the cart-wheel hat—fearfully and wonderfully made—is out in force. The artist who arrayed the windows was doubtless a sufferer from these immense articles, and took his revenge in this manner. The other windows also represent the interior of a theatre.

The great clothing establishments—especially those on Broadway and the Bowery—make magnificent displays. The windows of the London and Liverpool Clothing Company, at both their stores, are arrayed in a beautiful manner. But every establishment, from the cobbler to the jeweler, has the following sign displayed in a conspicuous place—"Holiday Presents."

In Brooklyn the so-called "king of tailors" may be said to carry off the cake in point of window decoration. One scene represents a castle of one of the old Federal lords in the "mountain fortress" of Switzerland. A tremendous snow-storm seems to have just taken place, and snow seems to be knee deep. The patriotic artist who had charge of the window, seems to have an original idea of the fitness of things, as from the lofty tower of the castle waves the American flag.

The event of last week was the lecture of Prof. Weston Jenkins, instructor of the high class of the New York Institution, before the Catholic Literary Union, on the 13th inst. Prof. Jenkins had chosen for his lecture "Fairy Tales of Science," which includes all the most wonderful things discovered by scientists. He opened by remarking that children always delighted in such fairy tales as "Cinderella" and "Santa Claus," but as they grew older those ideas were shattered and they looked further and fond in the sciences tales more marvelous and astonishing than those of "Cinderella" or "Mother Goose." He described the remarkable and curious fact that on our loftiest mountains, shells have been found imbedded in the rock. These proved that formerly the whole Continent was submerged and was the bed of some vast ocean, but some phenomena of nature or "uplift" took place, and the fossils now imbedded in the rock and are mute witnesses of the past.

He described in an interesting manner the science of astronomy—how long it takes light to travel from the sun to us (eight minutes), and how if the light of one of the distant stars is suddenly extinguished, we may not probably know of the fact for two or three hundred years, on account of the distance. A faint idea of distance in its true science may be explained by the following: "If Adam and Eve could have started on a locomotive on a railroad to the planet Neptune, progressing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, they would have to travel day and night for 10,832 years to reach it—quite a long trip, and they would not have arrived there yet." The distance of Neptune from the sun is 2,854,000,000 miles that of the earth 92 millions of miles.

He also briefly described the wonders in animal life. What scientists had discovered regarding bees, and other insects, and gave as an example of the power of the white ants of India, by the following tale (he does not vouch for its truthfulness). A merchant residing in India sent \$50,000 in silver in a safe, a few days after he ordered his clerk to get it for him. Upon opening the safe the \$50,000 was not there, the clerk explained that white ants had entered the safe and eaten up the \$50,000. The professor did not explain whether the merchant went for the white ants or for the clerk.

The remainder of the lecture was also very interesting, and at the conclusion the professor was tendered a vote of thanks.

Following this, short stories were told, in the order named, by Messrs. Donnelly, Witschiel, Seizer and O'Brien.

About seventy deaf-mutes were in attendance, and they doubtless enjoyed the evening's entertainment.

The enterprising committee of the Manhattan Literary Association having the Levee in charge—Messrs. Froehlich, Brown and Hogan—seem to have decided to make their coming ball eclipse anything of the kind ever held.

The announcement that prizes would be offered for several "events," as an athlete would say, was gladly received by all who read the JOURNAL, but the main question is: Shall every one wishing to vote, have to pay for the privilege? But it is the opinion of many that voting will be free to all.

The Manhattan Literary Association's Levee last year was a pronounced success, though not held under such favorable circumstances as the coming one will be. Lyric Hall is one of the most beautiful and convenient halls to be found in New York City. The 42d street station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road is only half a block off, and should the weather on the evening of the 27th be stormy, the distance will not be long enough to spoil any one's clothes, and so our young ladies who wish to win the prize for the most tastefully dressed lady present may dress themselves in their "best," without trembling lest their dresses may be spoiled by plodding several blocks through show or slush.

Who will win the prize for the "most unpopular man present?" is the anxious inquiry of those deaf-mutes who glorify as being the possessors of a microscopic monstache, and think they are men. Probably the most popular man will carry it off—"such is life."

Harrah I for the Manhattan Literary Association, and when you have finished, go to their Levee and enjoy yourself—remember that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

One of our deaf-mute artists complains that the hanging committees of any exhibition of paintings are "always unkind to deaf-mute artists," and suggests, as a remedy, that a deaf-mute artist's society be formed.

The forming of a deaf-mute artist's society may be commendable, but the statement that the hanging committee is always unkind to deaf-mute artists, is without foundation. Real merit always commands recognition. Deaf-mutes, as a general rule, always expect more than their hearing brethren in every thing. They must stand on their merits, and not expect to have anything commended that is not up to the standard. If deaf-mutes are not favored by hanging committees, how is it that in one of the most prominent places, on the walls of the exhibition, in black and white, held by the Solomandi Sketch Club, is a picture with the following card affixed "A. Ballin, Venice." We leave the answer to our grumbling brother, if answer, there is.

The Committee selected to revise the Constitution and By-Laws of the Guild, met last Saturday, and drew up one that they think will provide for everything.

North-Eastern Pennsylvania Notes.

The North-Eastern Pennsylvania Association, not to be outdone by its sister societies in the more populous centres, has decided to give a reception to its friends on Tuesday evening, December 26th, at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall in Scranton. The programme will consist of humorous pantomime, declamations, and music for hearing persons, the whole to conclude with a Christmas tree, on which any one may put presents for friends, which will be distributed by Santa Claus. No pains will be spared to make the occasion an enjoyable one, and all deaf-mutes and their friends are cordially invited to attend "without money and without price."

At a recent meeting of the Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, James Williams, of Pittston; Vice-President, Robert A. Arnold, of Mill Hollow; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Koehler, of Scranton. The following named gentlemen were elected to serve on the Board of Managers, viz., Messrs. Morris and Eisele, of Scranton; Mr. William White, of Tobyhanna, and Mr. Harry Petrick, of Wilkesbarre. The Association is now firmly established, with several prospective additions.

The Rev. Mr. Syle, of Philadelphia, held a service for deaf-mutes at Wilkesbarre, on Sunday, November 12th, at which seven deaf-mutes were present. On the following Tuesday, November 14th, he held a service at St. Luke's Church, in Scranton, where ten deaf-mutes attended. His next visit will probably be in February, 1893. Meanwhile it is said we may expect a visit from the Rev. Mr. Berry, of New York State, who has relatives in Scranton.

The Deaf-Mute School at Scranton now has eleven pupils enrolled. It is reported doing well. Nothing definite has yet been done with regard to the establishing of an Institution in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Dolph, of Danmore, have moved to Waymart, where Mr. Dolph has bought a farm. We wish them success in their new home. James Williams has returned to Pittston, where he has a good position.

Mr. William Burge is at Maltby, near Kingston.

Diane Cooper has returned to his home in Waymart, where he has opened a shoemaking establishment.

Frank P. Detewiler, of Plymouth, narrowly escaped drowning a few days ago. He was skating on the Susquehanna River near his home, when the ice suddenly and without warning broke, and Frank fell into the water. Had it not been for the timely presence of friends, we might now have the sad duty of announcing his death. But a "miss is as good as a mile," and he doubtless thanks his lucky stars that the only inconvenience resulting from the mishap was a cold ducking.

N. E. PENNA.

GREATEST ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON

SECOND GRAND LEVEE

OF THE

Manhattan Literary Association,

AT

LYRIC HALL,

ENTRANCE, 723 6TH AVENUE,

BET. 41ST & 42D STREETS,

NEW YORK CITY.

Wednesday Evening, December 27

COLUMBUS.

Here and there a Jot.

Cullings from Institution Fields.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Ere the next issue of the JOURNAL is reached, Christmas Day will have come and gone, therefore we avail ourselves of the last opportunity on hand to say that in the fullest sense of the word, we wish you, dear readers, one and all, "A Merry Christmas."

December 10th was the Sabbath day, and also the Anniversary of the death of the illustrious Gallaudet, which was duly observed at the Institution in the chapel, with appropriate remarks by Rev. Mr. Talbot, taking for his text "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

The teachers' meeting, which hurried adjournment was forced on by the cold condition of the library room, meets again on Monday, December 18th, when, it is to be hoped, there will be warmth not only as to room, but also in other respects.

The social of the little folks on Tuesday evening of last week, proved to be a pleasant and enjoyable one. In the life of that party, children were children, with several grown people drawn under the current and playing their young life over again. The hours sped on wings, when all at once, they were seated on chairs in two long rows around the room, and the usual serving of refreshment, followed by a benediction by Mr. Kaffington, concluded the evening's enjoyment.

Rev. H. B. Elliott, D.D., of Chicago, is the guest of Superintendent Talbot of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Dr. Elliott was pastor of the First Congregational Church soon after its organization, nearly a quarter of a century ago, and has been in the city since. The late Governor Chase and Judge Swayne were often seen in the congregation when he was here. He is expected to preach next Sabbath, and take charge of the meeting in the parlors of the church this evening.—Columbus, O., Journal, Dec. 13.

Mr. James M. Park, who had been obliged to relinquish his place in the Second Grammar Class for several days, on account of illness, we are happy to note the fact that he has recovered and returned to duty.

In our number before the last, we chronicled the departure from the Institution of the "Dutch measles," but it seems that the sneaky thing has returned, and is this time no respecter of persons.

A. A. Schory, Esq., of Thanksgiving evening chapel fame, has returned, and now sits upon the throne in the "C" evening study-room, looking remarkably well, with a magnificent beard, though yet in its infantine growth.

The other day, a steady stream of wagons filled with ice for the ice-house of the Institution formed a long line in waiting to be emptied of their cool contents for the summer.

Good streets, dry and smooth, during the past week, were what made everything wear a pleasant aspect, and every one settle down in good humor.

Mr. Ellis, of the First Academic Class, took up the reins in the Second Primary Class, which Prof. Schory had laid down temporarily, being transferred to another, a higher one, in the place of the sick regular teacher.

The bowling alley is the indoor life of the Institution, on the east side, when the weather is anything but agreeable or pleasant.

The Thanksgiving absentee has recovered from his late sickness with pneumonia, and now resumes his seat in the school and evening study rooms.

Rolling around the floor on little wheels is quite often a feature in the boys' basement hall.

Number 74 West Elm street, is no longer the residence of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. McGinness. They have removed to pleasant quarters on the corner of Gay street and North Third avenue.

In company with acting Superintendent Talbot, Rev. Mr. Elliott, Rev. Mr. Gansauls and Mr. Slocum (from Massachusetts,) visited the school last Friday morning.

Indirect news from Santa Barbara, California, state that a quiet family at breakfast there, the other morning, were interrupted by the startling entrance of a California lion, through the window into the breakfast room.

The old Perry residence, No. 82 Lexington Avenue, has been fitted up within in very elegant style, that (so to speak) the place scarcely knows itself now. Farewell.

Mr. William Miller, of Class 1878, and now of Lansing, Mich., was at the Institution making a call on his Alma Mater, last Saturday. He then resumed his journey, Akron, O., where he visits with his sister.

Rev. Mr. Gladden is expected in Columbus on Tuesday, December 19th. He preached last Sunday at North Adams, Mass., his former place and field of work, before he went to Springfield, of that State.

Mr. George W. Wakefield, our worthy Steward, while in the act of alighting from his buggy, near the coal house of the Institution, last Saturday morning, the 16th inst., had a sudden attack of vertigo, and fell unconsciously to the ground, receiving, we are very happy to say, no worse than a

slight wound or scratch near the temple. He, however, recovered himself almost immediately, and went about his business as if nothing had happened.

We stumbled, the other day, over a paragraph from abroad, as follows:—"St. Louis lawyers were perplexed the other day when it became necessary to take the testimony of a witness who was both deaf and dumb, and unable to read or write, or communicate by any conversational system, having never received any education. The case was continued until they could examine their law books."

Miss Coggeshall is still confined to her room.

The "A" and "B" evening study room of the Institution contains 140 bays. There are twenty-four long desks, with three benches to the desk, each bench holding three seats.

While performing a feat at the gymnasium the other day, two of our boys missed the round, and, falling to the ground, received very severe injuries in their arms.

Mrs. Backland, assistant matron, has returned to the Institution, and reported the wedding of her daughter a fine affair. She was married to Mr. Bell, of Springfield, O. May the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Bell have the true ring in them.

The week preceding Christmas will witness an avalanche of Christmas boxes, presents from home for many of the dear children. Would that every one of them received a box or something to that effect.

The most attractive event of the week has been the "Ladies Bazaar," otherwise styled "Charity Market," a movement instituted for the benefit of the Home of the Friendless, with the enlistment, not only of the "Upper Ten" society, but also their active support in the undertaking. Quite a number from this Institution attended to give their mite towards its success. The receipts have averaged upwards of a thousand dollars per day.

NUMBER TWENTY.

From Indiana.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—It was a great pleasure to read Juanita's interesting letter in your last issue. I do not know who wrote it, but it need hardly be said that it exhibits a merit not equaled by any recently from Indiana.

Seeing that the deaf-mutes of so many other States have had reunions the past summer, recalls the fact that Indiana has never held one, and suggests the propriety of holding one next summer. Surely those deaf-mutes who so liberally and promptly and quietly responded to the call for contributions toward securing a picture of our reverend teacher, Horace S. Gillett, would receive great pleasure and profit from such a meeting. We are all in harmony, and have no grudges to pay nor any quarrels to continue or to adjust. Will those at the Institution start the movement? If they will, I will do all I can to make it a success in every way.

I would be pleased to hear from my college classmates, Willie Pick, Elias Myers and Albert C. Powell. Occasionally I see notices of the other members of Class '75. Messrs. James M. Park and J. C. Balis. Hope to meet them at the National Convention.

Mr. Mann does not come this way any more. I am sure he will find as deserving sinners in and about Lafayette as anywhere. Should he favor us again, I think he will find a goodly audience and a warm hearty welcome. Personally, I like him very much.

The trustees of our State Institution have appealed to the people for funds to build additions. The fact is that pupils in every way worthy of retention and who desire to remain a few years longer, are discharged for want of room, and to make way for as many as possible of the ever-increasing number of new applicants manifests the crying need of such additions. It is to be sincerely hoped that the people will rise above partisan politics and look squarely at the real, imperative interests and needs of the deaf-mutes of Indiana. It will require at least two years to get it ready for use, and it should not be delayed a day longer than can be helped. Let the real friends of deaf-mute education help this movement and it will succeed.

ORSON ARCHBOLD.

BELLEVUE MANSE, Dec. 13, '82.

The Boston Levee.

The Fourth Grand Annual Levee and Masquerade, under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes of Boston and vicinity, will take place, on New Year's day, at Horticultural Hall, opposite the Tremont House, with many new attractions, which promise to make the Levee surpass all others ever held before. Two handsome presents will be given, one for the most beautiful costume, another for the funniest or most comical figure. These prizes will consist of an elegant pair of Gold Bracelets, heavily plated, and a pair of Gold sleeve-buttons. All persons who intend to be present are cordially invited to come in masquerade costume, if possible, as it will add greatly to their enjoyment and that of others. "Lookers-on in Venice" will also be welcome. Children will be allowed the privilege of masking. The dancing will include, Promenade, Quadrille, Lancers, Portland Fancy, Virginia Reel, Polka, Waltz, Schottische, etc.

A beautiful Photograph Album, bound in red plush, with a silver plate in the middle of the cover for an inscription, will be awarded as a Prize to the best dancer at the Levee.

For those who may prefer games of

amusement, the following will be played: The Dumb Band in an improved form, (with two prizes,) Fox and Geese, Clap-in and Clap-out, Copenhagen, Post Office, Forfeits, Sack Race, Dropping the Handkerchief, e.c., e.c. Besides these various games, the popular game of walking around a row of chairs placed in reversed positions and trying to secure a seat at a signal from the prompter, will be played, and a Prize will be awarded to the one winning two games out of three.

A neat Bible of the Oxford edition, bound in fine Turkey Morocco will be offered as a Prize for the best rendering, in signs only, of the well-known Twenty-third Psalm, beginning "The Lord is my Shepherd." No spelling of the Psalm will be required. It would be advisable to begin upon the Psalm now, as practice will make perfect. The Costumes had better be worked upon at once. Dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, separately, will be found at the hall, and a better arrangement for the checking of hats and coats will be made this year, doing away with much of the inconvenience of last year. The hall-way will be lighted by electricity, thus adding brilliancy to the scene.

The certificates of skill won by some of the exhibitors at the late Fair, will be awarded at this Levee in the presence of all the spectators. The judges of award are Harry White, John O. David and Edwin W. Frisbee.

The cost of Prizes to be given away this year will amount to a little over twenty-five dollars.

Any lady visitor desiring good board on reasonable terms during her stay in Boston, can be accommodated at the Women's Christian Association Building, on Warren Street, and gentlemen at the Sherman House, on Court Square.

Mr. W. H. Green, of Worcester, will assist the Levee Committee.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEVEE.

OFFICIAL INFORMATION FOR VISITORS.

The Committee of Arrangements of the Philadelphia Levee avail themselves gratefully of the courtesy of the JOURNAL to mention some information which may be useful to visitors.

From the demand for tickets, the Committee feel encouraged to hope the Levee will be a success financially. The Friends of the Clero Literary Association may rest assured that the Committee, and all the other members, are exerting themselves to make it a pleasant and memorable occasion. The enthusiastic spirit shown at the recent quarterly business meeting, proves that the members feel a personal interest in the reputation of the Association for hospitality, and will take their share in the entertainment, instead of leaving it all on the shoulders of the Committee. In accordance with this, every member will be known by a badge of sky-blue ribbon, the various Committees and Floor-Managers having large badges of rosettes with stars.

It has been thought best, at this first Levee, to offer only a limited number of attractions; if the public demands another Levee next winter, a greater variety can be expected. There will be no prizes, no voting, no competition for public favor; for all the ladies will be beautiful, all the gentlemen chivalrous. One feature of the entertainment will be entirely novel, not having been attempted, so far as it is known at any other Levee—a dramatic performance. The play to be represented, is an amusing comedy adapted from the French; the plot is—stop, come and see it if you want to know. The supper will be furnished by Wm. Gomott, one of the best caterers in Philadelphia.

Lincoln Hall, where the Levee is to be held, is situated on Board Street, at the intersection of Ridge and Fairmount Avenues; the entrance is on Fairmount Avenue. It can be reached from the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, Broad and Filbert Streets, by the Fifteenth Street horse-cars to Fairmount Avenue, leaving only one block to walk; or by the line of stages on Broad Street; or by taking one of the elegant new English style hansoms, or for a large party a four-wheeled cab, to be found at the depot at very reasonable rates. From the Reading Railroad depot, at Broad and Callowhill, and at Ninth and Green Streets, the distance is so short it is hardly worth while riding; but you can come from the former by the 15th Street cars, from the latter by the Fairmount Avenue line.

The rates of some hotels, which are centrally situated, for visitors to the city, are as follows: Bingham House, 11th and Market Sts., \$2.50 per day. Great Western Hotel, 1313 Market St., \$2.00 per day, or \$1.25 for lodging and breakfast. Bull's Head Hotel, 1025 Market St., \$1.50 per day. Columbia House, Broad St., near Arch, \$1.50 per day, lodging 75 cents. St. Charles Hotel, 2d St. near Arch, 50 cents per night. Crowley's Hotel, 1525 Market Street, on the European plan, single rooms 35, 40 and 50 cents; choice rooms, on second floor, with fire, 75 cents and \$1.00; double rooms 75 cents to \$1.25.

Visitors who have not been in Philadelphia during the last few years, will find many changes and improvements to interest them; graduates of the Institution will observe how it has been enlarged and made more comfortable. All will be welcome at the meeting of the Chirological Lyceum, at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, on Wednesday evening; and the Clero Literary Association, in St. Stephen's Parish Building, Tenth Street above Chestnut, Friday evening.

THE COMMITTEE.

DETROIT.

PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Items of Interest.

By far the best time the "Starlight Club" has ever experienced in its brief career, was had at their regular meeting, which occurred on the 13th inst., at the residence of Wm. Ranspach, a member.

The usual business having been gone through, a debate took place on the relative merits of "Protection vs. Free Trade," with Collins C. Colby at the helm of the former, and N. A. Doetsch, of the latter. The debate was very spirited and interesting; but it was evident from the first that the "Protection" ship was more ably managed than the "Free Trade" bark, and though the latter strove manfully to come up with its more formidable foe, the former seemed to have gone a hundred miles ahead already, and by the end of one and a half hours, both ships steamed up and dropped anchor, and calmly awaited the judges' decision, which came a few minutes later, and was decided for "Protection." A good deal of information was gathered during the debate, and all the members felt that they had enjoyed a rare treat.

Marcus H. Kerr will manage a debate on "Woman Suffrage" at the next meeting, and will have Geo. D. Hunter as an adversary. A story by one of the members may also be delivered in the course of the evening.

"Occasional" in the Mirror, speaking of deaf-mute associations in general, and particularly that of the "Starlight Club," thinks that the name of "club" for any association of gentlemen, a vulgar and inappropriate name. Well, we would criticize his sensitiveness; but we will say that, whatever it was, he must have been off his base to think that a party of ten or so gentlemen should trump themselves up into an association or such other big names, nor can we see any reason that "Occasional" should growl at us, because we are not talkative but deliberate steps towards permanent organizations. We have borne well in mind the maxim of "whoever exerts himself beyond his strength is sure to fall." When we get a sufficient number of members warrant a society and a pot of silver to boot, until then will we step from the "low grade of society," as "Occasional" is pleased to term the "club." Will you, "Mr. Occasional," when we get to be an association, contribute your mite?

By special invitation, Sidney H. Howard came to Detroit on the 16th, and in the evening of the day he delivered a lecture to the mutes of Detroit on behalf of that body, his subject being "The Taming of the Shrew" from Shakespeare. A more interesting subject than the one delivered that day could hardly be thought of. Sidney seemed to have exerted himself to the utmost to be familiar with the subject, and all present agree in the sentiment that he has succeeded even beyond his most sanguine expectations. The lecture was very ably delivered, his illustrations of the scenes embodied in the tale appeared more realistic than ideal, and his audience seemed to follow heart and soul (metaphorically) in the footsteps of the heroines and heroes of the story. A repetition of the subject would have been welcome; but as there are fields for other such subjects, Sidney will, on his next visit, treat us to "Othello." At the conclusion of the lecture the company, about twenty-five in number, tendered Mr. Howard a thousand thanks, which was very feelingly responded to.

Mr. Howard remained over Sunday and returned Monday morning.

ODDS AND ENDS.

John E. Nash left for Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 19th, where he goes to accept a situation on the Evening Post, of that city.

L. Roulo, who was reported as being very ill, and was thought to be down with diphtheria, was present at the lecture. He says he only had a "leadle" sore throat. Ugh!

The Mirror says that about thirty-five pupils are to spend the holidays at home.

Mr. Dan. H. Church, Superintendent of the Flint Institution, was in Detroit last week.

"No More Diphtheria" is the motto at the Flint Institute now.

Peter McNulty is trying to look wise in a new pocket dictionary.

Mr. Christian Gottwerth sports a new \$26 overcoat.

We hear that John Hartman expects to enter the matrimonial sea some time next Spring.

Two brothers of Jos. Kolhoff, from Adrian, Mich., visited him last week.

Hiram, a brother of Geo. D. Hunter, will don the policeman's uniform January 1st.

Mr. Geo. E. Morton has resigned his position as secretary of the Michigan Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, and which has been accepted by the Executive Committee.

H. R. Clark, the managing editor of the Mirror, is a member of the St. Paul's Church choir, at Flint, and he is also a comical singer.

The Starlight Club has added three new members, viz: Geo. E. Morton,

Willie A. Thayer and Preston Perry. Miss Almira Wood, an old maid mute, aged sixty-one years, and living with Marcus H. Kerr's family, knit him a neat pair of mits recently.

Mr. Geo. E. Morton has just bought two volumes of the People's Encyclopedia, of Universal Knowledge, which has cost him \$20. A glance through its pages gave us some food for reflection. There were fifty-two institutions for the deaf and dumb in the United States in 1880, and thirty for the blind, with three hundred and seventy-two instructors for the former and five hundred and forty-seven for the latter. Of the deaf and dumb pupils, there were six thousand and thirty-six, while the blind pupils numbered only two thousand two hundred and fourteen. The proportion of teachers for the blind, according to this estimate, would be one teacher to every four pupils.

The Advance says Louis Huff slings about 13,000 ems a day at Denver, Col. We don't believe it. We will need proof before we are convinced. Meanwhile we will remain a regular doubting Thomas. We always thought Denver was the father of lies, and shall still think so until convinced to the contrary.

Mrs. Marcus H. Kerr expects to go to Grand Rapids after January 1st, for a short visit to Mrs. William Blood, of that place, after that she will go to Jackson, Mich. She will be absent some two or three months.

Miss Hannah Smith and a speaking sister, of Milford, Mich., visited their mute sister Mrs. Eva Frank, of Stratford, Ontario, recently. They stopped at Detroit Friday on their way home, and were accompanied by Mrs. Frank, who expects to spend the holidays with her sister at Milford.

A letter of invitation to the Grand Levee from the Chicago Mute Circle, has been received by Marcus H. Kerr, requesting his and his friends' presence there New Year's evening. Owing to pressing business, he will not be able to be present, and sends his regrets. Some of his friends might go instead.

The father of Rudolph and Mathilda Stark, pupils of the Flint Institute, who we announced in last week's JOURNAL as being very near dying, died Tuesday morning, 12th inst., at 8 A.M. The deceased was a member of some secret society, and his funeral was very largely attended.

Mr. Sidney Howard, a teacher in the Michigan Institution, has challenged Mr. D. W. George to play a game of chess by correspondence. The latter has accepted, and the players are now bombard each other across the distance of several hundred miles.—Advance.

DOT AND DAT & CO.

North Carolina.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Thanksgiving day was observed by all connected with our Institution. It was spent in different ways, some went out to try their luck in hunting. It is needless to say that they met with poor success, for game is very scarce in these parts. All were particular to be punctual at dinner, where twelve fat turkeys, abundance of pies and other things were served, from the way the turkey, etc., disappeared, one would be led to believe the pupils were in good health and their appetites were very sharp. In the evening a sociable party was held, which was enjoyable.

The pupils are now looking forward to the Christmas holidays, which are only a week off. Several pupils will go home to spend Christmas with their friends. Those who remain here expect to have a nice time.

The girls in the cooking school under the instruction of Miss Lizzie Turlington prepared an excellent supper on the evening of the 11th inst., to which the Governor, State Officers and the Board of Trustees of this Institution were invited. All who partook of it pronounced it a most excellent meal, and the girls were highly complimented on their success in the culinary department.

Mr. P. L. Ray, a deaf mute from Greensboro, N. C., and a graduate of this Institution, is now employed in a printing office in this city.

Mrs. Holt, wife of our engineer, will leave here in a few days for Wilmington, where she goes to visit her mother. We will take care of Mr. Holt during her absence, and comfort him the best we can.

Z.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 12, 1882.

A CARD.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION LEVEE COMMITTEE.

As the Manhattan Literary Association Levee is now about at hand, we beg to invite the public to a gathering the most enjoyable of its kind. The programme, as given in the advertisement in this paper, will be strictly carried out.

The selection of the various prizes has been made with great care. They are such as will give pleasure to the recipients, being luxuries in which one will not be likely to indulge. The competition for them will undoubtedly be both exciting and amusing. Prizes and souvenirs are valued at about \$200. The latter, designed by Mr. Jacques Loew, the donor, from the known abilities of the gentleman in his art, may be expected to be of rare and artistic pattern and workmanship.

We are confident that the event will prove entirely satisfactory to all who may attend.

THEO. A. FROELICH.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, '82.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Sunday School Concert.

THE INDUCTIVE METHOD IN SCIENCE.

Various Items.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

On Sunday afternoon, the 10th, the Second Sunday School Concert was held in the chapel, there being present a rather large audience. The subject forming the topic of discussion was "Our Blessings, and our Privileges." Representatives from each class spoke of the advantages which we possess, the closing remarks being made by President Gallaudet, who spoke of the privileges which youth brings to the young people, and the necessity of properly appreciating and using the privileges which are afforded us. The usual charity collection was taken up in the course of the service.

During the winter term, it is the custom for each of the members of the Faculty to deliver a lecture before the students upon some subject of general or special interest. The opening lecture of the season was delivered in the Lyceum, on Friday evening last, by Prof. Porter. His subject was the

INDUCTIVE METHOD IN SCIENCE.

The professor opened his remarks with a lucid explanation of the significances of Deduction and Induction. He then proceeded to illustrate how certain laws of nature were originally discovered by means of the inductive method. One of the most pleasing of his illustrations was that of the cause of dew. In former times, different opinions were held as to its cause, such as the effect of the moon and stars, from fine falling drops and other causes. All these were found to be wrong through an experiment of Dr. Wells, who, by means of an experiment, at length proved the cause of dew is the condensation of moisture upon bodies made cold by radiation. The lecture was decidedly one of much interest, and besides presented some new ideas to the consideration of the audience in attendance.

By the time this letter is in print, the examinations will be half finished, but just at present all are anxious for the day to come when the fun begins. Meantime, the skating out of doors is excellent, though but few of the students leave their books long enough to run down for an hour to the neighboring ponds. The knowing ones wisely hold that there will be plenty of time for that during the Christmas recess, and it looks very much as though they are correct. The cold wave reached this point yesterday, and has not yet taken its leave. Neither are we in a hurry that it should do so, since cold weather is rather a luxury than otherwise, in this region.

The prospects for the masquerade still continue bright. Invitation cards have been issued, and the indications point to a large and select gathering on the 26th. The committee are working with a will, and confidently prophesy that the affair will surpass the most sanguine expectations of all.

In reply to an "Enquirer" in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, it may be said that the Garfield burst has already been ordered. In fact the sculptor is at present at work upon it. As was mentioned in the "Chronicle" some time since, the site it will occupy in the chapel has been selected. It is impossible to say exactly when the work will be completed, but due notice will be given through the columns of the JOURNAL. There need be no fear that the project has fallen through, or that the fund will be misappropriated.

BRIEFS.

Cold? of course it is.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Oh, my headache!

Miss Kitty Gallaudet returned from New York, last Wednesday.

The "Awkward Squad" take their dumb-bell drill daily after the regulars have finished.

On Wednesday, rain prevented the proposed match game of foot ball between the Kendall and Columbia University.

LESTER MONTROSE.

Dec. 16, 1882.

Died of Consumption.

NASHUA, N. H., Dec. 17, 1882.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It is with sad regret that I write to inform you and your readers that Edward Gaffney is no more. He died of consumption at 6:45 A.M. Dec. 14th, (Thursday). He was taken ill with that fatal disease last summer, and suffered more or less till death came to him. His funeral took place on the 15th inst., early in the afternoon, first at the house of his sister and then at the Catholic Church. He was buried in the Catholic Graveyard in Hudson N. H., about 2 miles from here. He was considered a promising youth, and was much respected and liked by his friends. We wish them the Consolations of the true Gospel.

V. B. WRIGHT.

Deaf-Mutes who wish to make a nice Christmas present to their friends, will do well to present them with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

FIRST ANNUAL RECEPTION
OF THE
Catholic Literary and
Benevolent Union
(OF DEAF-MUTES)
AT
CLARENDON HALL,
116 East 13th Street, Bet. 3d and
4th Avenues, New York.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANU-
ARY 24TH, 1883.
Music by Luster.

Ticket admitting gent and two ladies, - \$1 00
Extra lady's ticket, - 50

Tickets can be had of any of the members, or at the door on evening of entertainment.

The music is specially adapted to the ball room, and is one of the finest orchestras in the city.

The Committee will do all in their power towards the comfort and pleasure of all who attend.

As complimentary tickets have been issued, positively no one will be admitted without a ticket.

By order of the Committee.

J. F. O'BRIEN, Chairman.
W. G. POWELL,
J. F. DONNELLY,
J. P. DUNN,
TOS. HOLLAND,
Committee.

Further particulars given hereafter.

N. B.—Tickets can be obtained at the JOURNAL office, and by addressing The Corresponding Sec'y.

J. F. DONNELLY,
56 RAYMOND STREET,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GRAND LEVEE!

The First Grand Levee
OF THE
Chicago Mute
Circle
WILL BE GIVEN IN

Chicago, Illinois,
BY THE MUTES OF THAT CITY
AND VICINITY,
MONDAY EVE., JAN. 1st,
AT
KLARE'S PARLOR HALL,
70 & 72 North Clark St., At 8 O'Clock.

The whole night will be indulged in chatting, dancing, playing, eating, and all kinds of amusements.

Music for the entertainment of your hearing friends, will be conducted by Miss Grace D. Emery.

At midnight an elegant supper will be served. Tickets for Supper \$1 extra for gentlemen with lady.

Whoever outside of Chicago intends coming, can find comfortable hotels on the principal streets or near by the depots. Come one! Come all!! and have a good time!

ADMISSION FEE.

Gentleman and lady, - \$1 00
Gentleman alone, - 50
Lady alone, - 25

Tickets are now ready for sale by the Committee.

LARS M. LARSON, Chairman.
CHESTER C. COLEMAN,
FRANK F. ANDREWS,
JOHN HEINLEIN,
JAMES H. GIBNEY,
WILLIAM GIBNEY,
JOHN BOTT,
Committee.

THE FOURTH GRAND ANNUAL LEVEE AND MASQUERADE,

By the Deaf-Mutes of
Boston and Vicinity,
AT
Horticultural Hall,
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 1ST, 1893.

The Grandest Event of the Season
to be a
Masquerade Party,
participated in by all the mutes of
New England.

Twenty-five Dollars (\$25) worth
of Prizes Given Away, as follows:

For the most beautiful costume,
and the funniest.

For the best rendering in signs of
the Twenty-third Psalm—"The
Lord is my Shepherd."

For the Dumb Band—two prizes.

For the Game with Chairs.

SCALE OF PRICES.

Admission to the Levee for Gents, - 75cts.
" " " Ladies, - 50 " "
" " " Children under
twelve years of age, - 25cts.
Admission to the Banquet, - 75 "

GEO. A. HOLMES,
MANAGER.

Registry of Deeds.

FANWOOD.

Strolls about the Institution.

Where and How a few Fanwood-ites will Spend the Holidays.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

George W. H. VanNess, of Trenton, N. J., remained over night at the Institution on the 14th inst. Supervisor Bennett had a day off Thursday last, and visited the principal points of interest in the city.

Charles W. Stowell was seen, entering Pach's photograph gallery Thursday last.

William Ennis, John Lloyd, Jr., Geo. Porter, A. Capelli, D. Sullivan, C. W. Stowell and Supervisor Howell attended Prof. Jenkins' lecture before the Catholic Literary Union Wednesday evening last. The stormy weather prevented both divisions of the High Class, male and female, from attending.

Theodore Lonsbury was on band, and said he had procured a place to work in the same office with James F. Donnelly.

Francis Crorken was also there, and says earning his provider is good fun. Considerable plumbing has been done for the Institution of late.

Many attractive additions have been made to the printing office "art gallery" during the past two weeks. A large number of pupils will undoubtedly attend the Levee.

The stereopticon lecture in the chapel Saturday last was well enjoyed. A few outsiders were in attendance.

Johns Lang and Ed. Dunlap called Sunday last, and remained during chapel exercises in the evening.

Isabella DeWillegar visited her cousin in the city Friday last.

Miss M. L. Barrager spent Saturday last in the principal stores of the city. Miss Georgie Decker accompanied her.

Mrs. Rachel Cook was observed carefully picking her way among the dense throng on Sixth avenue on the afternoon of the 16th inst.

Elmer E. Smith, who graduates next June, has permission to work in the printing office five hours daily and attend school but one. He desires to learn all he can about the business preparatory to grubbing for himself.

Peter and Louis Brede left for their home Tuesday to attend the funeral of their little brother, who died the day before.

W. H. Terburgh, of Newburgh, N. Y., a former pupil of Fanwood, dropped in on us a few days ago. He reports the silent Newburghers all in good health and happy. He will go to New Jersey on a short visit, and return to New York to take in the Levee.

Archibald Glenfield, the mute who made away with some property of Messrs. Greer and Lang a few months since, turned up here Monday last. He was walked off the premises in double quick time.

Miss Garrett, teacher of articulation for two or three years past, resigned Saturday last, to accept a similar position at the California Institution. Miss Julia Bearley, an adept in vocal physiology, has succeeded her. Miss B. is sister to the wife of Prof. R. B. Lloyd.

Katie L. Baldwin was given a birthday party at her home in the city Saturday last.

Alex. Dezendoff and Wm. Frey were here Monday. Alex. has a ticket to the Philadelphia Levee, but is undecided whether or not to attend.

HOLIDAY ANTICIPATIONS. It is estimated that about two hundred pupils will spend the holidays away from the Institution.

John Lloyd, Jr., will harmonize it in a printing office—if he can get a place.

William Durian will drink milk in the abode of his aunt.

Henry Bennerman will distribute Christmas cheer for his daddy.

Phil Dackermann will exercise his sprained ankle on the city pavements.

Arthur L. Thomas left, Friday last, for his home in Catskill, N. Y.

Peter Mitchell will help his father groom horses.

As this is Billy Ennis' last year at school, he will remain, for the first time, to see how it seems with so many pupils away.

Geo. Porter and E. E. Smith will also remain, and work in the printing office the greater part of the time.

Supervisor Howell expects to sojourn a couple of days in Newburgh, N. Y.

Each of the teachers will have a week's respite from duty.

W. G. Shanks skips off for Albany to-day.

"Chip" thinks of "sponging" on a maiden aunt of uncertain age.

Charles W. Stowell remains in order to take in the Levee.

James H. Caton, accompanied by John Cotter, will frisk over the Highlands down in Ulster.

Geo. W. Odell will bask in the wintery sunshine of Portchester, N. Y. Billy Fossire will undoubtedly be the winter sensation at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

That articulating clerbub, Frank B. Honck, solemnly says he will "stick."

Bernard Gallagher will frolic on the Bowery.

John Wanzel, Esq., thinks of helping his uncle make pretzels.

Prof. Mann won't be interviewed.

Charles McCormick will enjoy him self in his usual way.

Prof. Reeves will take his ease in Brooklyn.

Prof. Lloyd will "always be found at home."

Miss Rhoades thinks of spending a week with her brother and sister.

Prof. Gamage will spend his vacation between the Institution and the city.

Prof. Jones' vacation will be taken by installments of a couple of days at a time.

The foremen of the shoe, cabinet and tailor shops will take it easy—the foreman and assistant foreman of the printing office won't.

Baker Beatty is not to be dispensed with. He will be the most popular man at the Institution on Christmas and New Year's, that is, if his work is up to its former high standard.

Each of the supervisors will be free for three days.

Mr. Shotwell, assistant gardener, treats the idea of a rest with scorn.

Geo. T. Fisher's soul yearns for Elmira air, but it yearns in vain. He will eat fresh pork here on Christmas.

The pupils who remain will attend school three hours a day.

Winifred Sitterly will remain, and doubtless devote much of her time to sewing.

Sallie Heller will visit Riegelsville, N. J.

Bertha G. Peterson will gladden the hearts of Gotham friends.

Daisy Holister will, as usual, repair to her city home.

Agnes Craig will accompany her.

Martha Hasty will doubtless meet both quite often.

Martha Hamilton goes to Kingsland, N. J.

Mary Martin will tramp up and down the hills of Albany.

Ella Taylor will add to the attractiveness of a certain city street.

Brooklyn will be the gainer by the presence of Catharine Shieck.

Annie Bryan will stay with Mrs. Willard Smith, formerly Carrie Powers. They expect to attend the Levee.

Georgie Decker will wake up the town of Montgomery, N. Y.

Martha J. Ryv will alternate between this city and Harlem.

Emily Wells will stitch, stitch, stitch, at Fanwood.

May Martin thinks of going to Riverhead, N. Y.

Bella Fisher and Isabella DeWillegar will "chum it" here.

Mary Bennett goes to the paternal homestead in Jersey.

Annie Marks will see sights in the Metropolis.

Prof. Carrier will take "mine ease in mine house."

The paves of Newark, N. J., will resound with the tread of Gracie Mills.

Mary G. Penrose, Rachael Gantz and E. Rogers will be counted along with the population of Brooklyn.

Miss C. V. Hagadorn makes a bee line for the wilds of Baltimore.

The Erie R. R. Company will sell one more ticket to Equinunk, Pa., this year. Miss Barrager will buy it.

A Merry Christmas to all.

CHP.

Deaf-Mutes who wish to make a nice Christmas present to their friends, will do well to present them with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

The Fall River Society and Boston Fair Muddle.

It may be thought that such a contemptible, disjointed attack like that made by Fred Smith, of Fall River, is unworthy of any notice, much less of a reply from me, and there is nothing I dislike more than to engage in a personal controversy, but as an understanding had long existed between the JOURNAL and myself that in course of correspondence, anything I might contribute to its news columns, I would be responsible for, and ready to uphold with my own name if necessary; for the sake of truth and justice, I shall condescend for once, in the fewest possible words, to make Fred Smith (I will not call him by the honorable title of Mr., which is reserved only for gentlemen) eat his own words, and to convict him of unblushing falsehood.

To the point: William Acheson was sent last summer to Fall River to collect for the Fair, but Fred Smith made so much trouble, threatening the terrified collector with the terrible image of Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, that he came back to Boston without collecting anything. Happening to be in Boston at the time, my opinion was asked by Mr. Holmes, the Manager of the Fair, and I told him that Fred Smith or any one else had no legal right nor authority to forbid an authorized agent from collecting for a legitimate object, that if the public chose to give money for a good object, what business had any deaf-mute to interfere? And that William Acheson need not have feared the consequences, as he could show his authority from the Manager of the Fair. At Holmes' urgent request, I went to Fall River in person, though with some reluctance, and held an interview with Fred Smith and Samuel Wilkinson in the interest of harmony, an interview which will prove interesting from the developments that followed. From them I learned that they had told William Acheson that if he would collect for their society first, he might then collect for the Boston Fair, or collect for both ol-

jects at the same time, both of which proposals he refused, and rightly, too, for the reason that he was employed by Mr. Holmes. Furthermore, honest Samuel Wilkinson, in his unguarded conversation, informed me that they had reported the whole matter to Mr. Tillinghast and that the latter gentleman had written back to the effect that they might take whatever action they considered necessary in the matter. I turned with some surprise to Fred Smith, and asked him if this was true. He confirmed this statement of Mr. Wilkinson, though with evident hesitation. I asked what connection Mr. Tillinghast had with the society, and they answered, to my still greater surprise, that he was its President. After that we came to an amicable understanding, and I left for Boston. Some time afterward, I learned that William Acheson had gone again to Fall River and had a meeting with Fred Smith, the upshot of which was that he entered into a contract to collect for the society after the conclusion of the fair. Now, I ask, is it possible that Fred Smith would have us believe that the President of the Society did not know of such a contract for three or four months? If he did, he must have woefully neglected his duties, a thing which is contrary to Mr. Tillinghast's well-known habits. Fred Smith, in attempting to prove that the wide-awake President of his society was ignorant of all these transactions, and did not permit them, presumes too much upon our credulity, not to use a harsher expression again.

The charge of inconsistency which Fred Smith attempts to fix upon me, has no real foundation in fact, and will fall to the ground for two reasons. (1) Although I am connected with Mr. Holmes in nearly all his enterprises and from a motive of self-respect, I do not put my name with his own in the circulars and public notices. I declined to share the responsibilities of the fair, as it would have taken up more of my time than I could very well spare, and I had nothing in the least to do with the pecuniary part of it. That was attended to by Mr. Holmes himself alone, with the assistance of his folks and hearing friends. He appointed his own agents without ever consulting me. The first time I heard of William Acheson's connection with the fair was when I saw it, like everybody else, in the JOURNAL. Fred Smith says I hired Acheson to collect. Did I? Well, ask the man, or Mr. Holmes. My only connection with the fair lay in the fact that I willingly enough helped Mr. Holmes with my pen. (2) The charge of inconsistency may, with more propriety, be applied to Mr. Tillinghast, who, years ago, when the school with which I am connected was struggling to maintain itself, denounced Mr. Wm. B. Swett, the Superintendent, in no measured terms for employing the very same William Acheson, whom he described as a drunken and swindling agent, although the Boston Society, with which Mr. Tillinghast was connected, had in its employ, at that time, an agent who was known to be in the habit of tipping. Acheson afterwards left the employment of the school, and the latest heard of him was that he had been employed to collect for the Fall River Society, of which Mr. Tillinghast is President. How men do change, especially when their own interests are served! For the same reason, the Republican party are charged with inconsistency, that is, they now denounce political sermons in the pulpit when the preachers no longer preach Republican doctrines. Have I made myself very clear on that point?

Fred Smith harps unceasingly on a strain of ridicule or contempt upon the degree of Bachelor of Arts which the Faculty of the National Deaf-Mute College had judged fit to confer upon me, as if it were an honor beneath the notice of all sensible, intelligent people. The reason why he spoke slightly of the degree, is not far to seek. Fred Smith went to the College for a year or two and failed to obtain a degree. It is the story of the Fox and Sour Grapes repeated. For my part, I am not ashamed of a degree which can neither be bought or sold, but can be won only by hard study and perseverance such as mine was. I wish Fred Smith, once for all, to drop that offensive familiarity which he assumes in addressing me as I do not recognize his claim on my friendship.

As I said before, I had nothing whatever to do with the management of the funds belonging to the Fair, and do not know any more than the rest how the accounts stood, but I can say this much, if Fred Smith thinks it such an easy matter to make a great deal of money from a fair without being swallowed up by the expenses, let him come to Boston and take charge of the next fair.

Mr. Holmes would be more than willing to give the whole management into his hands. Will he accept the offer? All I can say is that if he could not manage better the miserable Fall River Society which has been languishing for so many years, he had better not set himself up as a pattern of wise management. The gentlemen of the Fair Committee are abundantly able to take care of themselves, and they will not thank a fellow like Fred Smith for advising them to guard their own reputations. Their reputations at stake! How absurd! Who are these gentlemen? Such men as Frank C. Davis, Geo. A. Newhall and William Lynde. And who is Fred Smith compared to those men, whose reputations for honesty, intelligence and good moral character are established all over New England?

They can afford to laugh at the insolent presumption of a heartless youth, who has no character at all to speak of. Mr. Davis, the Treasurer, is a graduate of the College, where he had earned an honorable reputation which he has done nothing since leaving college to forfeit; Geo. A. Newhall, the doughty little giant, who is always fearless in the expression of his opinions, has been accorded by all who knew him a character for strict and upright dealing in all his actions. There is none more respected by his enemies than he is. As for Mr. Lynde, he is on intimate and confidential terms with John T. Tillinghast, who can best describe his character. All these men are above reproach, while I doubt if Fred Smith could get even a "character" from his patron, Mr. Tillinghast, or any other man who respects himself. And there is an end to it.

HARRY WHITE.

Deaf-Mutes who want to make a nice Christmas present to their friends, will do well to present them with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

A DEAF-MUTE'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Another very miraculous escape from death was developed yesterday at the large building owned by Mr. John T. Emsminger, Second and Chestnut Streets, Harrisburg, Pa. On Saturday evening, a young man named Abram Frantz, was invited with several others to the rooms of a friend on the fourth story in Mr. Emsminger's building. Frantz is deaf and dumb. Shortly before midnight, he left the room to go home, saying he could find the way out himself. The gas in the hallway had been dimmed, and mistaking a close door to the elevator hatchway for an egress from the building he attempted to open it. Finding the door locked with a spring, he lifted it sufficiently to allow it to come open. He then stepped into the dark hatchway and was precipitated to the basement four stories below, landing on top of the elevator. Being dumb, he was unable to cry for assistance, and though badly injured he managed to crawl up into the carpet room, in which place he made himself as comfortable as possible on a large chair. He was found there by the watchman yesterday morning, and explained his appearance by means of a note, when he was taken to his boarding house at the Park Hotel, Walnut Street. His injuries are almost exclusively internal, though he received quite a number of bad bruises and cuts. No bones were discovered broken. He said he fell head first into the hatchway, but realizing his position, he turned himself by catching hold of the wire ropes with which he came into contact. He was, however, unable to prevent his descent as the ropes burned and tore the flesh from his hands. His fall was greatly broken by his effort. He landed on his feet, which are badly stove up. Frantz is a draughtsman at the Harrisburg foundry and machine works. His home is in Wayneboro, Franklin County, to which place he will be removed by his father to-day. It will be remembered that Mr. Emsminger had a like fall shortly after the building was finished, and has not yet recovered from his injuries. Frantz's injuries are similar. Frantz was formerly a student at the National Deaf-Mute College.

Echoes of Wedding Bells.

On the 6th of November, the wedding bells rang merrily over the nuptials of Mr. George A. Holmes, of Boston to Miss Abbie L. Chaffin, of Holden, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and relatives, at the bride's place of residence, the ceremony being performed by her own pastor by means of writing. They immediately left for Homer, New York, where they were splendidly entertained by the bride's relatives. Just as the happy couple were on the point of starting for New York City, Mr. Holmes received a letter from Mrs. Wheeler announcing the serious illness of his little boy, Gilbert, and urging his immediate return home. After a brief consultation, they decided to abandon the contemplated trip to New York City where they had been assured that a reception awaited them. Mr. Holmes desires to thank his friends in New York, who had proposed to tender him such a reception, and regrets very much the necessity which compelled him to disappoint himself and them. On the 22d of the same month, he held a reception at his home in Cambridgeport, which was attended by quite a large number of mutes who came to deliver their congratulations and to wish them both a happy voyage down the sea of matrimony. They made a handsome couple, the bride tastefully and elegantly dressed up, though I won't pretend to describe her dress and hair, not being a woman; as for the bridegroom, he was attired in the conventional black with white gloves. As they stood by, with little Gilbert, now a little recovered, near them, receiving with ease the congratulations of their friends, they looked the incarnation of wedded happiness. The bride will prove a very agreeable addition to the society of the Hub. Worcester's loss is Boston's gain. She has seen a great deal of society, is a good dancer, and knows how to entertain her husband's numerous friends. The presents which were crowded on the table made a very attractive display, being composed of silver-ware for the most part. Among the presents were a large,

heavily-gilt framed oil-painting given by members of the Boston Society, represented by Messrs. Duran, Wellington, Jellison, Frank E. Skillin, Elias J. Welch, and Miss Hattie Robinson; a silver cake-basket with the following inscription, "Souvenir from Beverly Friends, Nov. 22d, 1882," a handsome mantle clock from the bride's cousin in New York City; silver ice-pitchers with goblets from her uncle in Homer, N. Y.; a pair of gold vases and pitcher from the "Nondescript Club" of Holden, a club of which she was a member; a rich, color-painted picture from the ladies of the Registry of Deeds where Mr. Holmes works; a silver card-receiver, silver knives and forks, silver pitchers, in short, almost every kind of silver-ware from their relatives in Chicago, Columbus and everywhere, besides oil-paintings toilet sets, lace, mats and personal jewelry, all which can not be enumerated here. Among individuals who made a present were Geo. A. Newhall and lady (I would like to know who that lady is), Wm. F. Rudolph and his fiancée, Miss Bella C. Flagg, Harry Babbitt, Albert Tufts, Mrs. David, Miss Fowle Alvah Orcutt, and others. Mr. Holmes was not forgotten by his deaf-mute neighbors in Cambridgeport, who made him the gift of a dozen silver dinner knives and the same number of forks. A bundle which took Mr. Holmes a long time to unwrap was found to contain a pair of old shoes and a few pieces of coal—symbols of luck and good wishes—with which I shall close here.

ECHOES FROM NEW JERSEY.

DEAR JOURNAL.—It seems an age since I last wrote for you, as I have been down with malaria over two months, and the time seemed very long; but now I am better, and will try to send you a few items.

Wm. E. Schenck, of Cranbury, N. J., is still employed in the shirt factory there. He voted for Hon. James H. Goodwin (Rep.) for Assemblyman from his district. Said honorable gentleman will advocate the pushing on of the completion of the Soldiers' Home for the mutes of New Jersey.

James M. Allen, mute brother of Mrs. Weeks, whose husband is a Professor in the Hartford Asylum, sometimes honors Mr. Schenck and his lovely wife Bella with a visit. He lately told them he was going on a visit to Connecticut.

It may be remembered that Sarah E. Tallman, head cook at the Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J., a mute lady, left there in the beginning of last summer on account of low wages, and said she would enjoy the rest of her life visiting her old friends. But they could not get another cook to suit so well, so Mrs. Gray, matron of that College and sister of Mr. Allen, intreated Miss T. to fill her old place with them again at a salary of \$18 higher than she received before. We are proud to chronicle this in behalf of a mute cook. They are rare as strawberries in January.

Joseph Clemens, whom every mute at your school must remember as being night watch in the good old days, pursues the even tenor of his way in a shirt factory at Jamesburg, N. J., and is getting along very well.

Charles T. Tatum is living on a farm with his brother somewhere in the vicinity of Cranbury. Charles graduated from Fanwood two or three years ago.

How we deplore it, but can't help it, that every item we write must contain something concerning one of the male gender, for there is not another female mute within a radius of thirty miles at present, nor can I hear of an item respecting one.

Mrs. Henry A. Heller came to see us some time ago, and promised to eat her "tinky" here on Thanksgiving; but the day came and went and no Mrs. Heller. Oh, why did not you come!

Willie Salter put in an appearance on that day, and staid until Friday. Willie, we are sorry to say, has lost the sight of his right eye, but hope it may be cured in time. He was very much surprised to hear of Austin Sinclair's return to school.

About the middle of last month, we had a call from the Rev. H. W. Syle. He was looking well, and on his way to New York to preach at St. Ann's.

We hear that George P. Lockwood and wife, of Brooklyn, are at Easton, Pa., visiting George's parents for the benefit of his health. The place is not so very far from here, and contains several deaf-mutes.

Mary Prall, a niece of ours, was married a short time ago to the hearing and speaking brother of Albert D. Horn, a mute. We were not invited to the wedding, because we were too busy shivering and wondering if they would take the day off of Quinine, so we could dare take enough without making our saffron face bluish. But they sent us a big lot of cake, and we have not got over the dyspepsia it gave us yet. However, we wish them much joy, etc.

There is a semi-mute mail carrier here. His name is David Slack, and he carries the mail between Stockton, N. J., and Centre Bridge, Pa., three times a day, rain or shine, and is faithful and honest in his duty. He gave us a place under his big umbrella one day, but he can not talk as mutes do, but understands very perfectly and quickly the motions of the lips.

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow— They may sing whom it suits."

I object to the thing, 'cause it soaks through my boot(ce).

"Jersey Blue" met with a queer adventure last week. He put up at a hotel in the frost-killed-bud-State of Delaware (he was down there on business). When it was time to retire, he was given his room key No. 38, and a waiter went to show him the way to it. Now the waiter could not count, and the way he held up the lamp to every room door was a sight to behold. Our friend from Jersey had long ago found the door of his room, but followed the waiter about just for the fun of the thing, until, getting tired, he went to his room with the intention of going in and letting the waiter run all night if he wanted to, but as he did so, the man was after him, and forbade him to go in as that was not his room.

"Yes it is, you dunce," "Jersey" replied.

"Come down to the office and see," said the man. So down they went, and came back with the clerk to the door. "He is all right," said the clerk. "Well," said the waiter, while a blank look came over his face, "I can't count, and I don't see how a dunny is going to beat me." The clerk roared, and patted "Jersey" on the back the next morning. The joke was all over town, much to the waiter's chargin, but no disgrace to a mute that could beat a hearing and speaking person at counting.

I believe I have written enough, and for fear you will put me in the waste basket, if I stretch out this letter any longer, I will now close.

Respectfully,

Deaf-Mutes who want to make a nice Christmas present to their friends, will do well to present them with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

Mute Ministers.

I have been much interested by articles in the JOURNAL, Times, and Advance, pertaining to Rev. Job Turner and Rev. A. W. Mann, and "Religious Teaching" among the deaf in general. I have nothing whatever to say against either of the above named gentlemen, but heartily agree with J. C. B. in his conclusion that this missionary work is a profession in common with Law, Medicine, and Teaching, and to quote from his Times article: "Its professors are becoming mere machines, so far as heart work is concerned, and that an eye to the main chance is the motive power which propels them upon their peregrinations among the deaf and dumb." I also feel inclined to side with the Vis-a-Vis, which says, "If Rev. Job Turner would attend to and cultivate his own field, he would accomplish more good than he now does, by roaming here and there and everywhere." However, the Vis-a-Vis seems to forget that daily thousands sow for others to reap, and as many more reap what has been sown. Things—good, bad, and indifferent are gathered in as a harvest daily, and Rev. A. W. Mann nor any one else, need hope here to gain, nor expect to lose all they sow; for it says, "It is not right for others to come in and reap what he has sown, without his consent." Certainly it does not seem right, but such has been the case since the world began, and in all probability will continue so until the end of time. But I do not see why, since Mr. Mann "has labored so faithfully until the laity and clergy appreciate his labors and see the need of them, and consequently are more and more willing to encourage and aid him," as the Vis-a-Vis says, he should object to now and then allowing Rev. Job Turner or others to lecture or preach in his fields? If he fears he will thus lose some power or control over the person under his care, he must have little influence over them. Instead of feeling unkindly towards the usurper, he should congratulate himself upon being able to show the person upon a field he has and the good labor performed. Instead of treating his usurpers with contempt or allowing others to, and abusing them behind their backs, would not the reverse be better proof of christian charity?

A stranger in a large city, one Sunday evening, attended services at one of the principal churches. The interior was resplendent with carpeted floors, upholstered pews, polished wood, flowers and plants. The great audience comprised large numbers of wealthy and fashionable people. The minister was a kind-faced and noble appearing man. His sermon was—grand. No other word describes it. It brought tears to the eyes of many hearers, while his own voice trembled with emotion. The stranger turned to a gentleman companion and asked: "Is it not a grand sermon?" "Oh!" he answered, "any man who receives \$3,000 a year can afford to preach so."

The stranger and that preacher are now great friends. He has proven to be a most benevolent and truly good man. Of all the \$3,000 he receives, it is doubtful if he retains more than \$1,500 for his own family; the balance going to the starving, freezing, sick, or otherwise distressed families so numerous in that city.

J. C. B. is right in saying, "The salary of a real minister can not be too large." But there are not so many genuine ministers as the world needs, so far as the heart is concerned. They "go thro' the motions" at regular intervals, and receive their pay; they preach one thing and practice another. But how is one to know how or what to practice without some preaching? I doubt if one person in twenty can practice according to their preaching. They try to do right, and, like many others, fail.

The world laughs, and judges them

according to their success or failures; not for what they tried to do. Teachers of the deaf and dumb should be Christians, should try to live up to their sermons; for remember the eyes watching them.

The teacher is the child's pattern—what he does must be right; what he says is wrong, must be so. A great responsibility rests with the teachers of deaf mutes, with ministers and laymen also. Personally, I knew a layman whose services I attended one Sunday afternoon. A few days later I learned on good authority he had gone direct from the chapel to the theatre. My faith in him was completely destroyed, and has never been restored. However, he is not the only person of that kind I know.

What an impression will such men make upon their audience and pupils, for one is also a teacher. There is one thing pertaining to the Episcopal services, and only one of which, for the sake of others, I take the liberty to complain. There is too much form, and therefore, too little illustration of the text.

Speaking people can easily comprehend their pastor's discourse. Not so with the average deaf-mute, they require an explanation of almost every sentence. The Bible, to many of them, is a sealed book, which they do not care to read, as it puzzles them so much. Therefore, they often term it "dry." Now, the Bible is far from being a "dry" book. The Lord's Prayer is to many a puzzle. They can recite it correctly, but with as much understanding as a parrot.

Many have no idea, what or who, "Our Father, who art in heaven," means. It should be explained to the best of the teacher's or minister's ability, and so on sentence after sentence. The rites of the Episcopal Church are very beautiful, and often impressive, but for deaf-mutes—give a more earnest, wide-awake sermon; fill it with illustrations on the text, and facts, and happiness, in the hum-drum, everyday life of the world.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall; Who sows a field or trains a flower, Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest; And GOD and man shall own his worth, Who toils to leave as his bequest An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late, to all that sow The time of harvest shall be given, The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow, If not on earth at last in heaven.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

FINE GOLD WATCHES.

Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upward.

SILVER HUNTING AMERICAN WATCHES.

Stem-winding, \$12 to \$1